

ORGANIZATION VS ORGANIZATION.

Capitalists Propose To Continue Their Organizations.

Deplored Conflict Between Labor and Capital Near at Hand.

(Editorial in New York Star.)

A few years ago there was not a single trade union in the country able to stand a protracted strike. Skilled labor had partly organized, and unskilled labor was at the mercy of rapacious employers.

The condition of partly skilled labor ten years ago was illustrated by the mill operatives of New England and the miners of Pennsylvania.

Adjoining each factory, in such cities as Fall River, Lowell and Worcester, there stand the many-peopled tenement houses and the company's stores, living witnesses of the way in which the employer in the mill was the landlord, the butcher, the banker, the clothier and the shoemaker of the men and women at the looms.

Every operative was forced to live in a tenement house owned by the factory, and to buy provisions at fancy stores. Books were given them, and over their signatures they were permitted to have as much as their wages would pay for, minus the amount of their rent.

They were ground down as fine as the corn in the mill. Petition after petition was sent to the great men who lived in the grand houses near them. Legislative committees were appointed to inquire into their grievances, and laws were passed to right their wrongs.

But wages fell lower and lower, till the pet brute in the house of the mill owners came to be heaved by the workmen. They were bound tighter each year until it was so that the labor of their lifetimes would not let them save enough to exist a single week unemployed.

The factory rents and the factory butcher bill took it all. The factory and mine barons had forced stronger claims on the old feudal lords who killed their serfs at will.

In the heart of New York great cigar factories were built and gigantic tenements were raised in their shadows. Cigar making became one of the greatest industries of the country, and there was not room enough in the factories for the hands.

The tenements became the factories. Fathers, mothers and little ones turned from their beds at the breakfast tables, and toiled on the piles of tobacco at their sides.

All day long they worked and far into the night, and left the nauseous heap of unworked leaves by their bedsides. Each day was like its predecessor. There were in these tenements no school books; only yellow-faced men, haggard women and children who had never laughed.

They grew older, married, lived in other tenements, and continued to toil at their child hood. The other toilers in the city were like them. In some of the tenements fathers worked in the smelting works with their sons, and mothers and daughters in the shirt and cloak factories.

There was no redress for them. The foot of capital held them down, and pitilessly ground out the love and joy of their lives.

In other States it was the same. Boys went down into the coal mines of Pennsylvania and their bodies came up to be buried not quite so deep. They lived and labored, and in the evening of their lives their hands were as empty as in the morning.

Here, too, were the coal mine butcher shops, the coal mine clothiers, and the coal mine shoemakers. They were hardy, stubborn men, and now and again when they came into the light of day they heard men speak of the dignity of labor and that the workman was worthy of his hire.

So they rebelled. They met in the mines, and at the same time their brothers met in the factories and tenements. These were disorganized, dissatisfied bodies of men. This was the infant child-trade unionism.

The capitalists determined to strangle it in birth. A black list was created, and it was decreed that any man or woman who complained should be discharged, and that discharge from one mine or one factory meant discharge from all mines and all factories.

This was the other infant organization of capital. Soon every factory had a black list. Every railroad had one, and every mine had one. Discharge in those early days meant starvation.

order was countermanded before the blow was struck. Several weeks ago the cab drivers on the Third Avenue line demanded twelve hours' work and the same pay as for fourteen hours. They got it. Men on one road after another demanded the same thing.

The demands of the workmen are based on reason, but not on what the capitalists can understand. Work now differs from work years ago in the intensity of application which must be given to it, and the rapidity with which it must be done.

The human machine is run with more friction and tension, and naturally enough it burns up sooner, or, in other words, men working seven hours to-day do as much as the men who labored fourteen hours years ago.

In consequence of a reduction of working hours more hands must be hired, and the wages naturally increase, for the product of the labor is much larger. Eight hours work of high efficiency does more than fourteen of cheap labor.

The capitalists must surrender as before, unless they, too, organize as they are doing. The meeting of the street car railroad presidents at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to form a street car pool to resist the demands of their men is only an example of the way the combination and pool system is extended.

Already there are oil combinations, railroad pools, coal, cotton, iron, wheat, lumber and other combinations to extort high prices and depress the price of labor.

There was published in the Star a few days ago an account of the formation of an association of capitalists for mutual protection not alone for their properties, but their lives. It is certain that such an association has been formed by the most timid rich men of New York.

The cattle men in the West and South have formed a like association. The cigar manufacturers have formed a union. The mill owners of New England are a solid body of men constituted to crush labor.

There are to-day four railroad pools, and in a few days there will be but one. The mine owners of Pennsylvania have formed a union and so also have the large coal buyers and sellers. The cloak manufacturers, the steel rail manufacturers, the iron mongers, all have unions.

It will need only the uniting of these pools and combinations to make as solid a wall of capital as organized labor is becoming. Mutual advances and cross proposals have been made. Labor needs strong pledges and fast ties, for when a man's wife and child are hungry, it is hard for him to keep from aiding under his fellow workman.

Capital needs only an organized understanding. The capitalist cannot starve. He wins by waiting. Though many capitalists have not yet entered into it, the scheme for the alliance of capital is already begun.

ASTRONOMY AMONG THE PIUTES.

The Father and the Mother of the Stars—Sorrow of the Moon.

(San Francisco Alta.) Dan de Quille has been interviewing Toorooop—Eenah (Desert Father) on astronomy, with the following results: Divested of the "Desert Father's" peculiar pronunciation, it was as follows: "The sun is the father and ruler of the heavens. He is the big chief. The moon is his wife, and the stars are his children. The sun eats his children whenever he can catch them. They flee before him and are all the time afraid when he is passing through the heavens. When he (the father) appears in the morning, you see all the stars, his children, fly out of sight—go away back into the blue of the above—and they do not wake to be seen again until he, their father, is about going to his bed."

"Down deep under the ground—deep, deep under all the ground—is a great hole. At night when he has passed over the world, looked down on everything and finished his work, he, the sun, goes into his hole, and he crawls and creeps along it till he comes to his bed in the middle of the earth. So then he, the sun, sleeps there in his bed all night."

"This hole is so little, and he, the sun, is so big, that he cannot turn around in it, and so he must, when he has had all his sleep, pass on through, and in the morning we see him come out in the east. When he, the sun, has so come out, he begins to hunt up through the sky to catch and eat any that he can of the stars, his children; for if he does not so catch and eat he can not live. He, the sun, is not all seen. The shape of him is like a snake or a lizard. It is not his head that we can see, but his belly, filled up with the stars that times and times he has swallowed."

"The moon is the mother of the heavens and is the wife of the sun. She, the moon, goes into the same hole as her husband to sleep her naps. But always she has the great fear of the sun, her husband, and when he comes through the hole to the nobee (tent), deep in the ground, to sleep she gets out and comes away if he be cross."

"She, the moon, has great love for her children, the stars, and is happy to travel among them in the above, and they, her children, feel safe and sing and dance as she passes along. But the mother she can not help that some of her children must be swallowed by the father every month. It is ordered that way by the Pah-ah (Great Spirit), who lives above the place of all."

"Every month that father, the sun, does swallow some of the stars, his children, and then the moon, feels sorrow. She must mourn. So she must put the black on her face to mourn the dead. You see the Piute women put black on their faces when a child is dead. But the dark will wear away from the face of that mother—the moon—a little and a little every day, and after a time again we see all bright the face of her. But soon more of her children are gone, and again she must put on her face the pitch and the black."

A SHORT WAR STORY.

Generals Stonewall Jackson and Jubal Early at Harper's Ferry.

(Graham Daves in the Philadelphia Times.)

After the capitulation the Federal troops, numbering upwards of 12,000 men, were separated into several large bodies about the size of an ordinary brigade each, and it is quite possible that in the division their regular brigade organization may have been preserved. These several bodies of prisoners were placed for greater security and ease of guarding and to facilitate paroling them alternately between the different Confederate brigades. In this formation the captors and captives were lying on the side of a road leading into the village of Harper's Ferry on the afternoon of the day the surrender. Suddenly tremendous cheering and yelling were heard coming from the right, which was taken up rapidly and repeated down the line.

"What is the meaning of that?" rather nervously asked a Federal soldier of an officer of Branch's North Carolina Brigade.

"Oh nothing," replied the latter, laughing; "it must be Stonewall Jackson or a rabbit," quoting a well-known expression of the Confederates when accounting for an unusual command. Sure enough, upon looking up the road Gen. Jackson was seen approaching, riding very rapidly alone, some distance in advance of his staff officers.

As he passed the Confederate commands they cheered him vociferously, to which he replied by a stiff military salute without checking his speed. When he approached the Federal prisoners to our surprise they greeted him with cheers as enthusiastic as those of the Confederates. Instantly there was a change. Pulling his horse down to a walk, Gen. Jackson passed slowly down the line of prisoners, acknowledging their cheers with low bows and with head uncovered. It was a gallant sight—this spontaneous outburst of admiration for gallant foemen and its chivalric acknowledgment. Possibly some of the Federal soldiers then present may recall the scene.

Of a very different character was the reception of a Confederate officer by Gen. Jubal A. Early a short time after. Gen. Early had been left in command to complete the paroling of prisoners, removal of supplies, etc., and had issued orders strictly forbidding any one to go into Harper's Ferry. The place was filled with supplies of all kinds, and many anxious and longing looks were cast in that direction by hungry Confederates. At last a number of officers determined to try to get permission to go into the town, and selected by lot one of their number to "hell the cat." This officer approached Gen. Early and saluted.

"What do you want?" said the General, not very graciously.

"I came," replied the officer, "to ask permission for myself and my brother officers to go into Harper's Ferry."

"H-m-m," growled the General, "you know the orders, sir, do you not?"

"Yes, General, but—" "What is your rank and branch of the service?" interrupted the General, rather irascibly. "Captain and quartermaster," returned the officer.

The General eyed him for a moment with a look that made the officer feel that charging a battery single-handed would have been a relief, and said he turned away.

"My God! I thought so. Oh, yes, of course! Go 'long, sir, go 'long, go 'long!"

SAM SMALL HITS THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

(From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.)

I have been a newspaper man for twelve years, and there is no profession in this country where a man gets to have a better idea of what things are of good repute and of bad reputation than the boys in a newspaper office who serve as newspaper reporters. I know them. I know their faults. I know their integrity. I know their intentions. I know the purity of their motives. I know the reason why they do what they do. I know why they probe into human character, and men's affairs, and publish them broadcast before the eyes of mankind, and to the knowledge of all the world, and every true and righteous man in this country knows why they do it. No man whose character is pure, whose character is true, whose character is honest, whose character is just, and whose dealings which God and His angels will commend, is afraid of all the newspaper press in America.

The newspaper reporters are the best detective force in the country today. They have brought great rascals to justice. They have punctured more shams and hypocrisies in this country than all other influences combined; and so far as I am concerned, I say, take the bridle off them, and let them go. Let them probe, let them search, let them find out; nobody is going to suffer except the shams, and the frauds, and the hypocrites of this country; and every one of them that is spotted, every one of them that is driven out of his profession, every one of them that is made a byword among his fellow-men, and driven from his lucrative practice of iniquity and of falsification and of fraud in this country, it is doing a grand moral benefit to the balance of the community.

Good Results in Every Case. D. A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs; had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at Kirby & Robinson's Drug Store, Messenger building, Goldsboro, N. C.

When Foggy heard the landlady below stairs pounding the beefsteak, he remarked that Mrs. Brown was tendering a banquet to the boarders.

No Trouble to Swallow. Dr. Pierce's "Pelllets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cents a vial.

A large and beautiful line of Children's Carriages just received at FUCHTLER & KEAR'S.

J. STRAUSS & CO., RICE MILLERS! GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Morrison's New Tariff Bill Puts LUMBER on the Free List! CONSEQUENCE--A "TUMBLE" IN PRICES! Will the Bottom Never Be Reached?

To meet this Iniquitous attack on a great Southern Industry we have perfected our arrangements to Reduce Prices, as follows:

- DRESSED CEILING, \$7.00 PER THOUSAND AND UP, AS TO QUALITY. DRESSED FLOORING, \$7.50 PER THOUSAND AND UP, AS TO QUALITY. DRESSED WEATHERBOARDS \$7.00 PER THOUSAND AND UP, AS TO QUALITY. FRAMING LUMBER \$6.50 PER THOUSAND AND UP, AS TO QUALITY. PICKET FENCING COMPLETE, READY TO PUT UP, \$1.25 PER PANEL, 8 FEET.

Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Blinds, Brackets, Stair Work, Newels, Balusters, Scroll Work, Mantels, Fancy Store Fittings, Counters, Shelving in Pine, Cherry, Ash, Walnut, or Poplar. MOULDINGS at prices SO LOW as to Astonish the TRADE. Dealers in Rough and Dressed Flooring, Ceiling, Weatherboarding, and other Lumber. Estimates made; Contracts taken for all classes of Wood Building Material. Special Discount to Contractors and the Wholesale Trade.

RARE BARGAINS IN WHITE GOODS.

Laces, Embroideries, Cream and White Mulls. Lawns and Brocades and Swiss Embroideries, all Widths, to Match!

Unapproachable Bargains! Black and Colored Silks and Dress Goods!

OUR PRICES ARE BELOW ALL COMPETITION! THE LARGEST STOCK OF EMBROIDERY MATERIAL IN THE STATE.

Embroidery Silk, 1 cent per skein. Embroidery Silk Chenille, 35 cents per dozen. Embroidery Silk Arrasene, 35 cents per dozen. Filo Floss, 3 cents per skein. Zephyrs, all shades, 8 cents per ounce.

Our Entire Stock at Lower Prices Than Ever Before. 66 Samples Sent By Mail.

M. E. CASTEX & CO. 74 West Centre Street, Goldsboro, N. C.

1867. 1886 MESSENGER Steam Power Book & Job Printing House, GOLDSBORO, N. C.

We will print, in the best style at the lowest prices, Books, Pamphlets, Circulars, Bill Heads, Monthly Statements, Cards Handbills, Bills of Fare, Checks, Drafts, Notes, Posters, Dodgers, Tags, Wedding Cards, Envelopes, Ball Programmes, Etc.

PRINTING IN COLORS, IN THE MOST TASTY MANNER.

Orders solicited of Merchants, Farmers, Lawyers, Sheriff, Constables, Clerks, Railroad Officers, Hotel Keepers, Steamboat Agents, Township officers, Teachers, School Boards, Trustees, Commissioners, Magistrates, and all others. Minutes of Conferences, Conventions, Associations and Sunday Schools put up in the Best Style.

The Messenger Book Bindery is prepared to Bind Magazines and other Periodicals at Lowest Cash Prices.

BLANKS! BLANKS!! For the use of Clerks of the Superior and Inferior Courts, for Solicitors, for Magistrates, for Sheriff, and for the use of business men generally. Price of Blanks, 75 cents to 1.50 a hundred, according to size of paper. Postage extra. Address, J. A. BONITZ, Goldsboro, N. C.

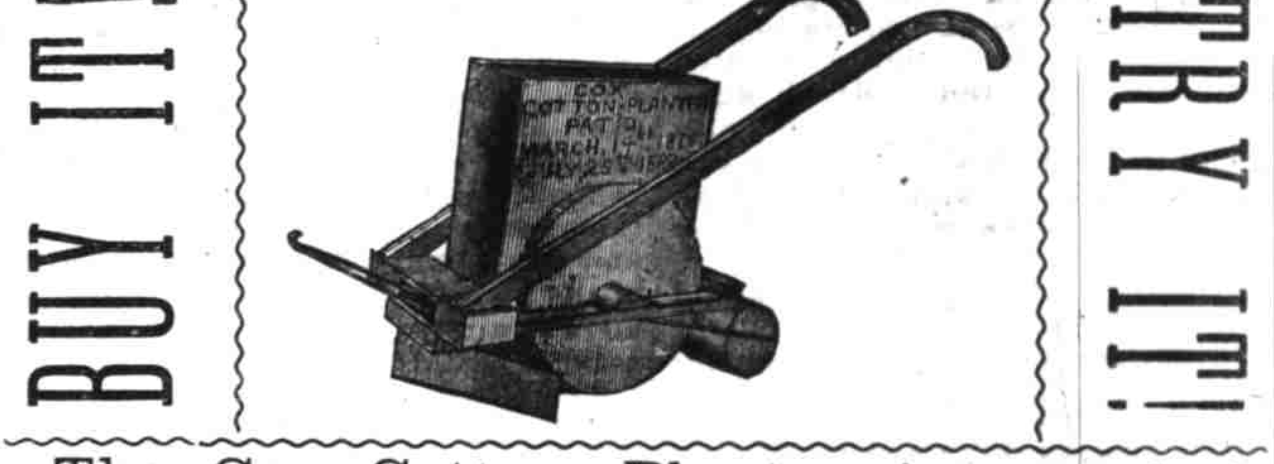
New Crop New Orleans Molasses! BEST GRADES OF SYRUP!

Best Grades of FLOUR, COFFEE and SEED IRISH POTATOES, CANNED FRUITS and VEGETABLES.

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Cheap for Cash!

Willis Edmundson's New Grocery Store, KORNEGAY BUILDING, WALNUT STREET, Goldsboro, N. C. March 8-17

Cox Cotton Planter!



The Cox Cotton Planter, improved, is the Simplest, Strongest, and Most Durable Planter made. It has proved, in every test, to be the best in use.

FOR SALE BY HUGGINS & FREEMAN, WEST WALNUT STREET, GOLDSBORO, N. C.

FERTILIZERS!

We Have in Store and to Arrive 500 Tons Prolific Guano. 500 Tons Acid Phosphate (HIGH GRADE). 500 Tons Genuine German Kainit.

All of which will be sold Low on accommodating terms. H. WEIL & BROS. Goldsboro, N. C., February 18-17

THE DURHAM BULL FERTILIZER!

Manufactured Especially For Bright Tobacco! We guarantee every pound ammoniated with Genuine Peruvian Guano. Will not fire the plant in dry weather. Insures a Quick and Vigorous Growth, and a Large, Bright, Rich, Waxy Tobacco. Introduced and recommended by the Leading Planters wherever used. Remember some Peruvian Guano is almost absolutely necessary to grow Large, Rich Tobacco. This is the kind of Tobacco that is in such demand.

The Durham Bull Fertilizer is acknowledged by Leading Planters throughout the State as the Best Guano, for the price, ever used for Cotton and Corn. Guaranteed free from all Fery Ammoniacs or Shoddy Material of every kind. These Goods are now fast becoming the LEADER wherever used, because they give the Best Results. When you buy The Durham Bull Fertilizer you get Value Received. You are not buying Water and Sand. Every ton of our Goods are warranted to be just as represented.

For Sale by Dealers at Most Rail Road Points in North Carolina and Virginia.

CERTIFICATES: Mr. F. Q. GATTIS, near Raleigh, says: "I used the Durham Guano along side the Lister and use it again. I am satisfied the D. B. is as good fertilizer as we have. Expect to use as good as any I ever used." Mr. F. E. WEAVERS, of Mill Brook, says: "I used four and a half tons Durham Guano. Its Mr. IVEYSON BROGDEN, of Rogers' Store, says: "Your Guano is all you claim for it. I cannot say too much for it. Used three brands. Best of all." Mr. B. A. STRECK, of Merry Oaks, says: "The Durham Guano I bought of you I used along side Pocomoke, and I assure you it was superior to it. It is good enough."

LOCAL AGENTS. J. B. EDGERTON & CO., Goldsboro, N. C. ALEX GREEN, Whitaker, N. C. AYCOCK BROS., Fremont, N. C. WINSTON BROS., Selma, N. C. W. S. JOYNER, Princeton, N. C. Apply to any of our Agents or write direct to us for "Flemings Treatise on Tobacco" and Leading Planters Certificates testifying to the superiority of our Fertilizers. DURHAM FERTILIZER CO. DURHAM, N. C. feb23-2m